

The Washington Times

THE NATIONAL DAILY
Reg. U. S. Patent Office.
ARTHUR BRISBANE, Editor and Owner.
EDGAR D. SHAW, Publisher.
Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at Washington, D. C.
MONDAY, APRIL 14, 1919.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Mr. F. A. Walker, Managing Editor of The Washington Times, under whose management this newspaper has doubled its circulation in two years, is about to become associated in New York city with Mr. Brisbane in the general management of his newspapers and other interests.

Mr. Avery C. Marks, jr., assistant to the Managing Editor, becomes Managing Editor of this newspaper.

THE WASHINGTON TIMES.

Listen to This and Be Healthy

We Submit An Idea Which We Hope Will Have Your Attention.

In an editorial published some time ago, after giving two reasons for the good health of the Japanese people, we promised to give a third reason later. Here is that third reason:

THE JAPANESE HOUSES HAVE WINDOWS MADE OF PAPER.

That may not mean much to you at first glance, but it does mean a great deal.

To have paper windows in your house means that the house must always contain a certain amount of fresh air. Our windows are made of glass and are absolutely air-proof. We feel the cold, and the drafts, in winter especially. We shut our glass windows, and we sleep hermetically sealed, like the toad in the solid rock.

The paper windows of Japan allow the air to pass through, while preventing violent drafts and keeping out much of the moisture.

The paper window also keeps out germs, while allowing the air to pass. This was proved by investigating "colonies of bacteria" on the inside and on the outside of a paper window. It was shown that 97 per cent of the bacteria in the air were prevented from getting into the sleeping room.

One remarkably able Japanese, K. Tamura, a surgeon in the imperial Japanese army, called the attention of his fellow-countrymen to the importance of their paper windows, and urged them not to supplant paper with glass. He concludes his argument as follows—you will please read attentively:

"It is well known that a citizen of Paris inhales 7,500 bacteria germs in a day; one in Berlin 5,000 of them. We Japanese, who live in air containing three times as many as Berlin and twice as many as Paris, inhale only 2,000 bacteria germs in a day, simply because we use paper for the windows of our homes."

We know that the health of a human being is simply and plainly a question of successfully struggling AGAINST DISEASE GERMS.

A bird in the forest thrives, subject to old limitations, as long as it can keep clear of the hawks, owls, ferrets, foxes, and other dangerous animals. Disease germs, living, vicious, active enemies, are TO US what bigger enemies are to the birds.

It is important that we should keep these germs out of our lungs so far as may be by having clean homes, clean cities, and pure air. It is important also that we should BREATHE plenty of pure air, both night and day, that our blood may be kept clean and able to fight disease attacks.

This is the idea that we suggest to our readers for their successful experiment. Merchants could co-operate in this carrying out.

You cannot, of course, use the Japanese paper windows. That would be primitive and foolish. We want air and sunlight, and must have them.

But it is perfectly possible, at night, to have plenty of ventilation by opening the windows part way, and using a substitute for the Japanese windows.

Every bedroom window should be fitted, at the bottom or the top, with a frame containing a material that would admit of the passage of air, while keeping out moisture and preventing violent drafts.

While waiting for enterprising merchants to design some cheap and feasible arrangement, TRY SOME EXPERIMENTS YOURSELF.

Open your window, and fasten across the opening with tacks a piece of very thin, very SHEER flannel, or even cheese cloth.

You will find your room in the morning well ventilated, and you will avoid the evil effects of a draft upon you while you sleep, and of the raw night air, with its moisture and active germs.

This question of ventilation of bedrooms should be taken up by merchants and by scientists.

Every room should be supplied with a ventilating apparatus, allowing the air to pass through material prepared in such a way as to prevent the entrance of germs, while admitting the free passage of the air.

The man who will enable our millions of people to breathe pure air all night without catching cold, will do more than the man who shall add some trifling thing to the long list of ingenious mechanical inventions.

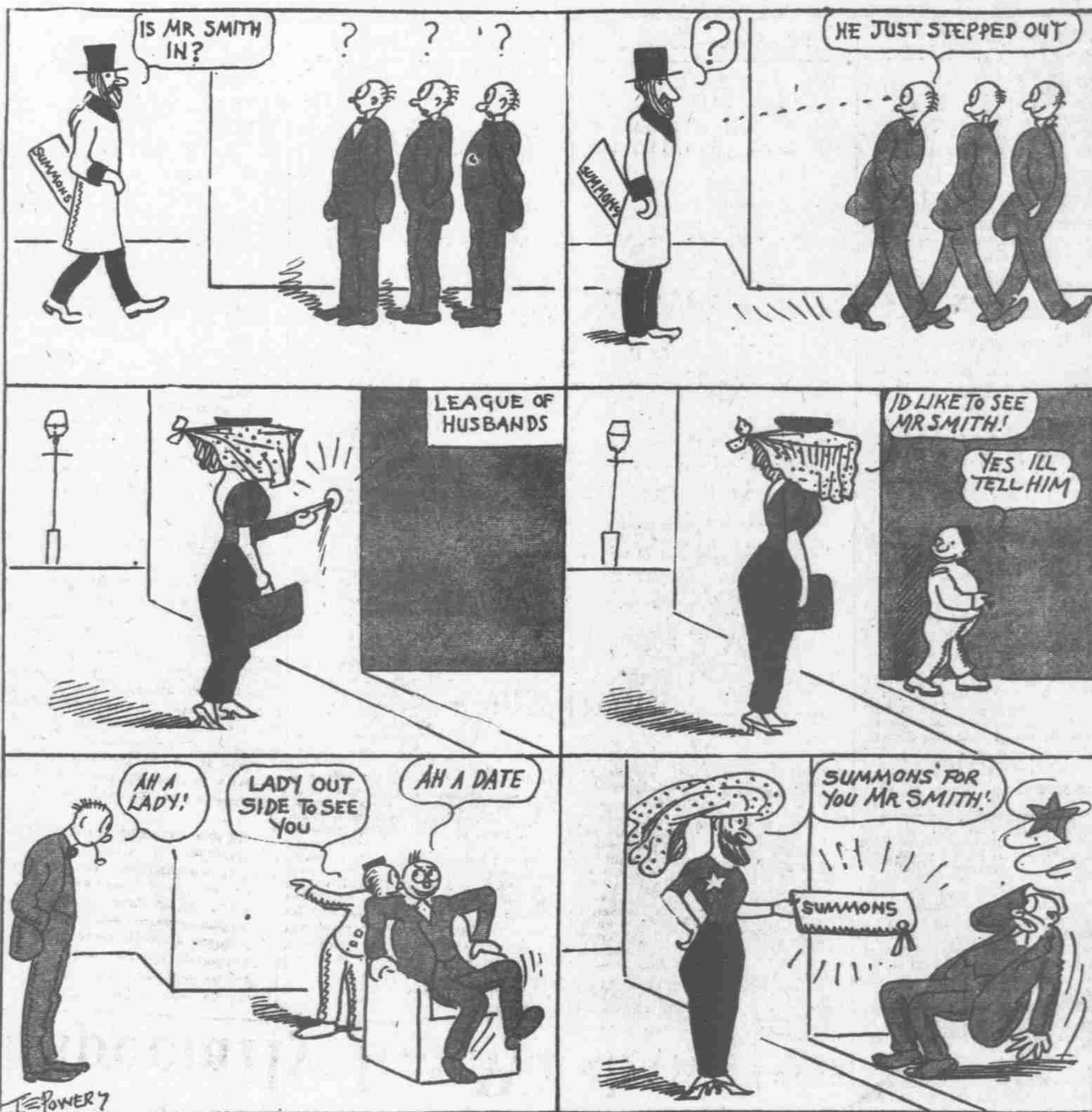
We certainly ought to have brains enough to stop shutting out the fresh air and sleeping in hermetically sealed bedroom tombs.

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The League of Husbands -- By T. E. Powers

THEY ALL FALL FOR IT



Beatrice Fairfax Writes of the Problems and Pitfalls of the War Workers Especially for Washington Women

A LITTLE while ago we had several discussions in this column on the desirability of letting other women's husbands alone. And one correspondent accused me of being unfair to my own sex because I would not concede that one's constitutional right to the "pursuit of happiness" might include some one's else husband.

My mid-Victorian views remain unchanged and the theft of a husband still appears to me as grand larceny. Furthermore, I believe that women who go in for these unfortunate affairs never fail to discover their mistake in the long run.

The man who has won a woman's affections under the guise of an unhappy home and uncongenial marriage is seldom the martyred victim he paints himself. And the "other woman" learns her true place in the scheme of things, after a while—that of fifth wheel that may be tried as an innovation, but is really superfluous on the domestic Ford.

During the discussion, a girl wrote a letter dealing with rather an unusual situation. She confessed she had been secretly married to a soldier, then in France, and that she had never really got along well with him. But through business she had drifted into a love affair with an old sweetheart who was married and the father of two children and, of course, was unhappy at home. She had not told him of her secret marriage and she feared the effect of her fancied duplicity, as far as he was concerned, because he had "always been so fair and square" with her.

In due time this letter was answered by another correspondent and answered so well that I should like to present a copy of it to every girl who becomes entangled with one of these "fair and square" boys. The letter is a sermon and deals with the situation so much better than I could that, despite its length, I am going to publish it in full.

"Fair and Square Business Part of the Game."

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I read in The Washington Times a letter from a young lady who signs herself "Anxious." And I feel impelled to say a word or two, because five years ago I went through exactly the same experience this girl is apparently now going through.

I, too, am married, and, like

ON BEING "FAIR AND SQUARE"

"Anxious," I was married without the knowledge of anyone, not even my mother, and I must also admit that, like "Anxious," I was not in love with my husband. While a man whom I trusted and did love came to me one day with the information that he was married and had one child, I forgave because I loved him, and I met him secretly because I could not do without him. Then, too, he was fair and square with me; no man could have been more so.

This went on for about six or

nine months, then the fair and square business began to give away before the true man, and I began to understand just what I had got into. I had no come-back, because he had told me he was married and I had not turned him down. It was a simple matter for him to say that it was my fault; he had told me he was married and I had overlooked it; therefore, I was at fault, if not worse, than he.

Came Out of It a Different Girl. Then, one day, in a round-about way, I discovered that his wife was

again about to become a mother. That settled it—the little bit of honesty that was left in me showed me that I would, indeed, be lower than the dogs if I went with a man when his wife was in that condition. For one whole night I sat and fought and reasoned with myself, and I came out of that night a different girl.

Too late I realized that the fair and square business was only part of the game to bring me lower than he. Too late I realized what a fool I had been. Too late I understood the awful crime I had committed against the man, his wife, and myself. From what had been a heaven I woke to find a living hell, and for five years I have never been able to entirely leave that hell, and the man who has done the most to bring me back to happiness is the husband I did not love. The husband I wanted to be rid of.

If I can only make the girl who signs herself "Anxious" see to only the smallest extent the unhappiness she is making for herself I would feel that I had done a little good in this world, but from my understanding of girls I am afraid it is not much use, they generally know it all just as I did, until some real knowledge comes too late to do any good.

I would, however, like to tell "Anxious" that the best thing in this world for her to do is to get rid of the man she loves as fast as possible. It will do no good to tell him she is married; in fact, it will only give her less comeback than she has now, for he will make her lower than the man and will help that fair and square business to go on. The faster, for every man is fair and square at first; that's part of the game.

Husband the Squarer. Then, too, while I do not want to make "Anxious" think that I am trying to make her even so much as live with the man she has married, I would like her to realize that the two men the husband is evidently the squarer, for at least he has given her the protection of his name, and as the young lady says he is in France I should like to add that he is also risking his life to make her home secure.

While I am very much afraid the young lady, far from keeping any thing secure, is making wretchedness for herself, is disgracing the name another gave her, and is proving a traitor to the wife and mother, at least, she should have a little respect for two innocent children, if not for their mother.

If you have any way of communicating this letter to "Anxious," I wish you would do so in the hope that she may to just the smallest bit understand the crime she is committing in allowing a married man whom she has had the hard luck to fall in love with be any more to her than the selfish creature he evidently is, for no man with a wife and two children who does what he is doing is any good, nor can they be fair and square to anyone except in so far as it betters their own chances of dragging another to their own level.

S. S. T.

What's Doing; Where; When

Today.
Meeting—Star-Spanned Banner Chorus, Ansonia Church, Twelfth street and Massachusetts avenue northwest, 8 p. m.
Illustrated lecture—Prof. G. W. Lewis, of Swarthmore College, before George Washington University Engineering Society, 2023 G street northwest, 8 p. m.
Meeting—Washington branch of the Wild Flower Preservation Society of America, room 43, New National Museum, 4:45 p. m.
Meeting—Howard Park Citizens' Association, Church of Our Redeemer, Eighth street, below Barry Place northwest, 8 p. m.
Dr. J. Stanley Durkee will make an address.
Lecture—Miss Theodora Miller, Department of Agriculture domestic expert, "An Easter Luncheon," Wilson Normal Community Center, Wilson Normal School, 1:30 p. m.
Meeting—Agricultural History Society, Cushman's Cafe, 687 Fourteenth street northwest, 8 p. m.
Dr. Rodney H. True will speak.
Lecture—Miss Chinn, Department of Agriculture domestic expert, "Household Accounts," room 46, old Museum Building, Ninth and B streets southwest, 4:45 p. m.
Easter tea—Friendship Nursery Aid Club, College Women's Club, 1812 I street northwest, to 4 p. m. All friends of Friendship House are invited.
Meeting—The New York State Club, Wilson Normal School, Eleventh and Harvard streets northwest, 8 p. m.
Meeting—Northeast Washington Citizens' Association, Northeast Temple, 8 p. m.
Meeting—Washington Axiators Club, Rialto Hotel, 8 p. m. All aviators or Washington men formerly in the air service invited.
Tomorrow.
Meeting—Gen. Nelson A. Miles Camp No. 1, Department of the District, Spanish War Veterans, Pythian Temple, 8 p. m.
Gen. Nelson A. Miles will be the honored guest of the local camp.
Meeting—The District Congress of Mothers and Parent Teachers' Association, Teachers' Club, Eleventh and F streets northwest, 8 p. m.
Lecture—Miss Chinn, Department of Agriculture domestic expert, "Household Accounts," room 46, old Museum Building, Ninth and B streets southwest, 5:30 p. m.

A Little Suggestion About Parking Automobiles

Don't Try To Block the Space Between the Curbstone and the Loading Platform.

By EARL GODWIN.

One of the most selfish and inconsiderate things that an automobile driver can do is to park his machine between the curbstone and a street-car loading platform, or some similar obstruction.

An automobile parked in that fashion blocks the roadway and becomes a menace to life. There are signs prominently displayed in most instances where there is a narrow passageway between the curb and the loading platform, and yet it frequently occurs that some unthinking man or woman will drive a machine to the very entrance of the gorge made by the loading platform and anchor the machine right there.

One of these days a fire engine or a hook-and-ladder truck will dash up the street and, with about three inches to spare between the loading platform and the inconsiderate man's automobile, will smash something. Further than that, even if nothing happens, it is WRONG to block traffic in that selfish and unnecessary fashion.

Washington is frequently described as a city without good traffic regulations. The reason is that the people don't pay attention to the existing regulations, which are perfectly good and are getting better all the time. We must remember that the city of Washington is growing. It has greater crowds and more automobiles in it from day to day, and, to keep from traffic troubles, each of us must give way to his neighbor. If we all selfishly pick out the roadway to squat there, regardless of the other chap, we will be in trouble forever.

HEARD AND SEEN

Thanks to G. O. ERICKSON, of Takoma Park, D. C., who sends me some tobacco coupons for redemption for wounded soldiers.

Saw EARL COOPER in his new office in the Evans Building the other day. He looks ambitious.

A friend who has an eye to the soldiers—especially the wounded men who hang to car straps—suggests that we call the club

The Come Back Club. This club would be composed of us folks who have determined not to sit while a wounded soldier is standing. This friend says the Walter Reed paper, "The Come Back," started the agitation, and offers clippings as proof.

Lieut. CRUDGINGTON at Walter Reed suggests a Bully One.

The "Have Mine" Club.

Another good friend, W. J. MOORE, offers the name of

The Golden Rule Club.

Any more suggestions?

Meantime, do not fail to join the club. Its members will honor the wounded soldiers by the common courtesy of giving them seats in street cars.

Roast or Sing?
Your spasm in Wednesday's Times is correct. Those songs were "singed." That's a hot one. Yours, T. H. THOMPSON.

Riled—

Open your ears this beautiful spring morn and listen.

Several employees of the new five-story machine shop at the Navy Yard parked their "Flivvers" at the foot of New Jersey avenue south-east, adjacent to the pumping station.

This a. m. one of Major Pullman's finest, in a new style uniform (nearly a suit of coveralls) informed us that he could not park there because it interfered with the garbage wagons in the triumphal drive one-half block south to the river.

Vain would I pause to dwell upon the need of a car line on M street, but when it comes to insulting my "Crowded Five" I am truly riled.

E. B. FRAZER.

Padded Cell Stuff.

John and Harry, two rambling youths of olden days, set out to see the world, both using the same means of transportation, (horses and covered wagon). John was from Arkansas and Harry from Texas, while making their journey they met in western Oklahoma, and camp on the same camping ground, which resulted in a very friendly acquaintance.

John and Harry separated the next morning their parting words were: John—"When you get to Arkansas tell my mother that you met me and that I am liking my trip fine." Harry made a similar remark about his Texas relatives. Years went by and when we next see Harry and John each has married the other's mother, and John has a little daughter with him who meets Harry accompanied by his daughter and also a son, who wishes to meet John's daughter, but they were never introduced because neither Harry nor John could have told them what relation to each other they were. Can you? BYRL H. JOHNSON.

At various times I have received little sums and large sums, cigarette coupons, etc., to be turned over to soldiers and sailors. Some people want it to be done anonymously and others do not care.

I have spent considerable money for cigars, tobacco, candy, theater tickets and other little pleasures at the instance of people who have sent me money or brought it to me.

The last money I spent was check for \$51 that I sent to CAPTAIN

WRIGHT, Chaplain and Welfare Officer at the Navy Yard. He used it at the Naval Hospital, buying 5,000 cigarettes, 5,000 cigars, and chewing tobacco and has \$14.55 left.

Page Mr. Hafelfinger!

Replying to the problem suggested by MR. HAFELFINGER in this afternoon's paper, the problem is the famous last theorem of Fermat, for which a prize of 20,000 francs has been offered to anyone who succeeds in solving it. Fermat stated on the margin of the page on which the problem had been proposed that he had discovered a remarkable proof for the theorem, but that time did not permit him to write out the solution at that place. Although the most capable mathematicians since Fermat have tried repeatedly to solve the problem, and although quite a considerable portion of the modern Theory of Numbers has been developed as a result of the attempts to solve the problem, it yet remains unsolved. Since Mr. Hafelfinger states that he can demonstrate the theorem, by all means let him at once communicate with the Academy of Sciences of the Sorbonne, in Paris, submitting his solution and securing the prize of 20,000 francs. PATENT OFFICE.

A Real Large One.
What is the largest number which can be expressed with three figures? M.

Where IS Clarendon?

In reference to where Clarendon is let me state that it is a town which does not have to depend upon Congress to act to have its streets cleaned, or pay its school teachers. On account of Sherman and such like the McKinley School in Washington had to close. But they can't injure Clarendon. They vote there. S. T. D.

Hound vs. Rabbit.

Private B. S. KOSHAKIAN, who writes in bad from the Red Cross Convalescent House at Walter Reed Hospital, hands me this problem which may stump some of the Heard and Seen mathematicians.

"A hound stands at the center of a circle of 40-mile radius and a rabbit stands at the circumference of the same circle. The rabbit begins to run along the circumference with a uniform speed of 20 miles an hour; at the same time the hound starts to chase the rabbit with a uniform speed twice that of the rabbit and always enters into a calculation, said, 'It takes 75 cents per foot.' If they had adhered to the original number of feet each was to dig this would have been true. Mike would have received \$62.50 for digging his fifty feet while Pat would have received \$37.50 for his fifty feet. However, as they chose to hold to the original amount of money each was to receive, it was necessary for Mike to dig only forty feet to receive \$50.

Answer to the Sticker.

There seems to be but one reasonable explanation to the "Sticker." When Mike complained of the more difficult digging in his end of the ditch Pat agreed to allow him \$1.25 per foot. Then, obviously without entering into a calculation, said, "It takes 75 cents per foot." If they had adhered to the original number of feet each was to dig this would have been true. Mike would have received \$62.50 for digging his fifty feet while Pat would have received \$37.50 for his fifty feet. However, as they chose to hold to the original amount of money each was to receive, it was necessary for Mike to dig only forty feet to receive \$50.

When Pat completed his fifty feet at 75 cents, \$37.50, he found there was still remaining ten feet of Mike's original half for him (Pat) to dig at \$1.25 per foot, \$12.50, which made up his \$50.

Hem, we find that Pat dug fifty feet at 75 cents and ten feet at \$1.25 per foot. In other words, he dug sixty feet for \$50, an average of \$3 1/3 cents per foot, as sixty feet is contained \$3 1/3 cent times in \$50.

G. W. N. BROWN,
Bureau of Fisheries.